

THE
CONSPIRACY
OF
AENEAS & ANTENOR
Against the
State of Troy.
A
POEM.

LUCIAN, The Cock or Dream,

He has his thoughts busied about his Son
Who is unworthy to succeed him, or his Brother
that raises Troops privately and makes Creatures
underhand.

LONDON, Printed for *John Spicer*, 1682.

THE

CONSTITUTIONAL OF AMERICA

the

MEMOIR

JOHN, The Cook or Dream

He has his thoughts pulled about his
Who has his thoughts pulled about his
Who has his thoughts pulled about his
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LONDON, Printed for John Street, 1882

(3)

T H E

CONSPIRACY

O F

ÆNEAS and ANTENOR

Against the

State of Troy, &c.

Long time had *Troy* through various Tumults
And War laid all her Habitations wast, (past;
A Holy War ! for the pretended cause
Was, as 'tis still ; Religion and the Laws ,
'Twas said the King when he receiv'd his Crown,
Did Bargain with the Gods to Guard his Town;

A 2

And

And's People claim'd his Coronation-Oath ;
 But as 'twas wispered then , he broke 'um both :
 His Subjects might not their own right dispute ;
 His Empire was from Heaven and absolute ;
 Wherefore th'avenging Gods more angry grown,
 Espous'd the cause, and made it all their own ;
 They drove their own Anointed to distress ,
 And Crown'd a Rebel-Army with success :
 At length the King at his own Gate being slain,
 And all the Trojan Towers Rebuilt again;
 Priam by Right and Merit claims the Throne ;
 Priam though young, yet mighty in renown ;
 For none with greater Courage in the war
 Against Alcides Bosom broke his Spear :
 Thrice through their Ranks his Passage he'd have
 But being but young, as many time unhors'd :

Had

Had half his Army half his Courage shown,
Laomedon till now had kept his Crown.
 A happy King in such a Sons defence,
 And happy he in being still but Prince.
 Never did King at such advantage rise,
 Known to be Gracious and reputed Wise,
 Born on his Subjects Love, and big with Fate,
 Suppos'd the only means to fix the State;
 His friendship by each neighbouring Prince embrac'd
 And every Subject blest Him as he pass'd ;
 Whose ev'ry Purse so freely he might use,
 His own Estate was thought superfluous;
 With which he all his Enemies regain'd,
 And with a Golden shower enrich'd his Land ;
 Thus did he Reign near thirty years in Peace,
 And saw his Line to fifty Sons encrease.

All which did promise wonders in their Youth,

But in Physiognomy there is no truth.

For al^l deceiv'd his hopes but only one,

The God-like *Hector*, his brave eldest Son.

Hector his Fathers Joy, and Countries Pride,

And to whose Sword the Fate of *Troy* was ty'd;

When any State did any Monarch brave,

The proudest Tyrant *Hector's* Aid would Crave :

But when too far his Victories did run,

Priam did only Countermand his Son,

And strait he spew'd up all that he had won ;

So when the Zealous Multitude that dwelt

Beyond *Scamander's* bounding stream rebell'd ,

By *Hectors* hand they easily were quell'd ;

Who then in silent *Triumph*, big with Fame,

Like *Phæbus* to his Fathers Arms he came;

Having

Having restor'd his Heaven to its Peace ;

But see a fatal *Helen* sails from *Greece* ;

Who shall betray your Councils to her Lord ;

And from their Head remove your trusty Sword ;

See how the Neighbouring Potentates Conspire ,

And *Chalchas* holy Zeal blows up the Fire :—

Chalchas, th' eternal Foe of *Ilium's* State ,

By Priests Succession does derive his hate ;

He makes all Heaven his Pious Cause Elpouse ;

And arms more War-like-Saints than *Atlas* knows ;

But arm them all, their own Created Shrines

While the *Palladium* in our Temples shines ,

Which does from Heaven its Pedigree derive ,

The greatest Blessing *Jove* himself could give ;

A Guard sufficient if all others fail ;

'Gainst which e'en Hell its self shall ne'er prevail :

Jove

Jove from his Mount beholds you toyl in vain ;
 And laughs at all the empty tricks of man :
 He lets you fight to work his own decree ;
 For these thou kill'st had dy'd in spite of thee.
 At our expence the *Grecian* valour try,
 And by their Swords a thousand *Trojans* dye ;
 Ten thousand *Greeks* lie scattered o're the Strand,
 And with their Blood enrich a hostile Land ;
 But *Priam* when the War came on a pace,
 Dispatcht his darling *Polydore* to *Thrace* ;
 And with him a prodigious Sum did send ;
 No greater error did this King attend,
 Than looking on that *Tyrant* as his friend,
 Who, when the fate of *Troy* shall backward run,
 And *Priams* Family be quit undone,

while

Shall seize the Treasure when the brat is slain,
While the poor Bitch his Mother howls in vain.

Priam cries out hast to the Seas and burn
Their thousand Ships, the hopes of their return;
For this Important Action on the Foes,
Aeneas and *Sarpedon* heads were choose:
The proud *Aeneas*, though in Person Mean,
All grant his Mother was the *Cyprian Queen*;
But when her Husband from *Tydid* fled,
The Lord *Anchises* slipt into his bed:
This mother did his credulous Youth abuse,
And baneful Doctrines in his Soul infuse;
In his opinions obstinate and bold,
To save all *Troy* he would not quit his hold,
When he so pleas'd; for high Employments fit;
For grant him Courage though you doubt his Wit,
Strict and severe as all his Creatures know;
Then he's a heart that ne'er forgave a foe:
To Love has been a Martyr o're and o're;
Then whom none knew so much, none suffer'd more,

B

But

But when his *Wife Crensa* did expire ,
 What pity 'twas she perish'd in the fire,
 And lest the Prince should pine away with grief,
 Th' Oraculous Priest afforded this Relief ;
 Ne're wet your eyes for what you've Left behind,
 For Mightier things , and Nobler beds design'd ;
 The fair *Lavinia* to your Arms I'll bring,
 And by her Interest make you more then King ;
 Pleas'd and astonisht he could nothing say,
 In expectation of the happy Day.

This was the Chief, *Sarpedon* by his side,
 A *Lyrian* Prince , but near to *Troy* ally'd ;
 For *Ilus* Daughter was his Fathers Bride ;
 Unfortunately brave, a wondrous Man,
 Who if he lost the day, did honour gain :
 No soul more true , no native Subject draws
 A trustier Sword in injur'd *Priam's* Cause.
 These chiefs the *Trojans* eagerly obey, (way
 And through the *Greeks* with slaughter force their
 Who

Who from th' unequal Combat do retire,
 And perish in the Waves to shun the Fire ;
 Two different Gods their ruine do conspire,
 Immortal Honour did the Leaders gain,
Ajax being fled, and great *Patroclus* slain,
 Seldom before could *Trojan* Armies boast,
 So great a Conquest, with so little cost ;
 But that it pleas'd the Rulers of the deep,
 Just in the nick *Aeneas* fell asleep ;
 The *Grecians* finding now that vain was force,
 To Plots and Strategems they take recourse ;
Calchas crys out all other means are vain ;
 But kill the King, and hinder *Hector's* reign :
 Steal the *Palladium* from 'um, and beat down
 The curst Religion that defends the Town ,
 And in it's stead we'l introduce our own :
 We'l tell 'um that the Deity's the same,
 And only differs in the form and name ;
 And *Pallas* (so she pleas'd her self) is grown
 A Horse by *Transubstantiation* :

The Management of which we will Commit
 To *Diomed's* valour and *Ulysses* wit ;
 T' *Aeneas* straight *Ulysses's* does repair,
 And with this pleasing Musick Charms his Ear ;
 Illustrious Prince, great e'en by Birth design'd,
 Which yet is far inferiour to thy mind ;
 Consult the Gods ; th'art destin'd to enjoy
 Scepters and Crowns (perhaps) though not in *Troy*
Apollo speaks Stupendious things to come,
 An absolute Empire, and a Spiritual *Rome* ;
 Which shall extend her Sway to that Degree,
 That *Phrigia* shall a petty Province be ;
 And what you value more, than all beside,
 When you are Rotten, you'l be Deifi'd ;
 Let *Troy* then fall that does your Fate Controul,
 And with the Name of Country Checks your Soul :
 Let *Priam* dye, and let *Palladium* go ;
 To other Gods your Empire you must owe ;
 So great a worth as yours may well disdain
 To live in *Troy*, and but the second Man ;

And

And if you find any Resistance made,
 Call in the *Grecian Army* to your Aid;
 You freely shall command th' united powers;
 Return but *Hellen*, all the rest be yours:
 But as a Caution that you will be Just,
 Only resign *Palladium* to our trust:
 We'l Constitute new God-heads in her place,
 While nobler Images your *Temples* Grace;
 Well then, says he; trust to----- and there he nods;
 At first Encounter he deserts his Gods;
 And then what Arguments can Reason bring,
 To think He'l ere be faithful to the King.
 The Foes disguis'd, to th' *Temple* he conveys,
 And to their hands the Guardian God betrays;
 They strait retire, made happy by his Crime,
 And more than all their Arms depend on him.

Just at this time *Antenor* in disgrace,
 (For at the *Council-Board* he lost his place)
 Sits in his Closet in a pensive mood,
 Just come from haranguing the Multitude,

A

A thousand projects forming in his mind,
 All for the change of Government design'd;
 Sometimes a making less unequal Laws,
 Or seeking New Associates to his Cause;
 Sometimes he damns his Politicks, that must
 Depend upon the croud, he dares not trust;
 Then seeks what Nobler Youths he can ensnare,
 And make them in his desperate fortune share:
 He needs no Motives to incite his rage,
 Hopes of revenge does ev'n revive his age;
 Nor will he any Foreign Force employ,
 But make the *Trojans* their own selves destroy:
 The spacious Name of Patriot he assumes,
 And Mutiny with Liberty perfumes;
 He envys *Priam's* Reign, and doubts his Right:
 For all Dominion he does found in might:
 He has consulted Wizards, and does find
 A Commonwealth is to his Fate design'd:
 Big with the hopes, he claims that Tract of Land,
 Where *Venice-Towers* in time to come shall stand.

Long

Long time ere this in Flames had *Troy* expir'd,
 If either Faction had been singly fir'd ;
Antenor now was zealously oppos'd,
 Who hates *Aeneas*, and no hate was lost :
 As when two different poysons you instil
 In Man, though one correct the others Ill ;
 So that no Death immediately ensues,
 Yet still the Body natural weaker grows :
 Add to all this the Potent Foe without,
 Who earnestly both Factions does promote ;
 Consider *Priam* aged and forlorn,
 And *Hector* from his Fathers bosom torn :
 While *Pandarus* and *Paris* rule the Court,
 And *Hellenus* with *Ellenus* doth sport ,
 VVhile *Labienus* is in Arms prefer'd ,
 And *Troilus*, the Chit, commands the Guard.

See on the shore a wondrous Machine rise,
 And they pretend a Deities Advise ;
 Erected with prodigious pains and cost,
 In satisfaction for *Palladium* lost ;

A wondrous God indeed, which *Chalcas* fills,
 With Forty thousand *Mirmidons* and Bills :
Aeneas first crys beat the Bulwarks down,
 And entertain the *Numen* in the Town :
 Down go the Walls, and down the *Turrets* go,
 More than the *Greeks* in ten years Siege can do :
 Witheager haste each other they prevent,
 And Joy to be in part the Instrument
 To introduce a new *Religion* here,
 But little apprehend the flames so near.

Laocoon chose for *Neptunes* Priest by *Lot*,
 (Though after *Ages* swore he was a *Sot*)
 Crys out, Look to your selves, it is a Plot ;
 Beware O *Troy*, and *Thou* O *King*, beware :
 For twisted in one *Thred* your *Fortunes* are :
 I saw the Consult in *Achilles's* Tent,
 And when *Ulysses* into *Ilium* went,
 I know *Aeneas* the *Palladium* sold,
 I saw the Writings, and I felt the Gold :

Shame

Shame on the Priest *Æneas* Creatures cry'd,
 And these Impossibilities deride :
 Your fabulous Story does it self destroy,
 How cou'd you be at once in *Greece* and *Troy*?
 But your a Priest, and therefore nere speak true:
 Shoud we Believe *Æneas* first or you?
 Thus was the poor Apostle quite run down,
 By all the Men of Arms and the long Gown :
 But that which did the vulgar most perswade,
 Strange Monsters from beyond the Seas invade
 All those that durst presume to give him aid
 Nay, when *Antenor's* self did interpose,
 He must be counted one of *Priams* Foes :
 Your Loyalty has formerly been shown,
 Discovering other Plots to hide your own ;
 But that which makes the Miracle more great,
 Ev'n *Priams* self seems to promote the cheat :
 He sleeps supinely on his tottering Throne,
 Glad by permission to enjoy his own ;

T'whom

T'whom *Troy* for Ceremony does present
 Her false *Addresses* to *Aeneas* meant :
 Now ev'ry Theatre assumes his Name,
 And the poor *Regal* Patronage disclaim ;
 The Men of Arms, that set the King at nought,
 Adore the *General* under whom they fought :
 They fear our Peace, because they thrive by War,
 And in the Plunder of their Country share :
 With these the Priestly Tribe are of a peice ;
 For more preferment may be had in *Greece*.
 Some do *Laocoon* envy, some do hate ;
 But all the Holy Cowards fear his Fate,
 Against these Torrents that come on amain,
 In vain the wisest Citizens complain :
 And poor *Cassandra* prophesies in vain :
 For perjur'd *Sinon* that to *Troy* was come,
 Pretending Injuries receiv'd at home,
 At first was by *Aeneas* Favour Grac'd
 And fatally by *Priams* self embrac'd ;

Who

Who wears the Golden Key upon his breast,
 That from the Horse the numerous host releas'd,
 Now *Troy's* no more, and wretched *Priam* dyes,
 His Subjects Martyrs, he a Sacrifice ;
 To the old Market place the grounds retire,
 And perish there by undistinguish'd Fire ;
 The beautiful *Polixena* must dye,
 T'appease a Cursed Loving Enemy ;
Andromache must into *Greece* be Led,
 And Captive touch a conquering Tyrants Bed ;
 But never of your Destiny complain,
 For *Hectors* Widdow ev'n in *Greece* may reign.
 But as the Tumult to the height did grow,
Antenor did escape we know not how ;
 Although all *Greece* by Compact was his Foe,
Aeneas safe through *Ilium's* Ruins goes,
 Not the first Murderer fear'd so many Foes ;
 Ev'n *Neptunes* self his Enemy of late,
 Endeavour'd to divert the Course of Fate ;

And

And to revenge the Walls be favour'd most,
 Shipwrack't the Traytor on the *Lybian* Coast:
 'Twas from this Land he got his Love mishap,
 But after sleeping in fair *Dido's* Lap,
 Who could have Dreamt of such an After-Clap?
 From hence to *Rome* the Miscreant Exile flies,
 Depending most upon his Enemies;
 His promis'd Empire he demands of Fate,
 Neither regarding Subjects Love nor Hate:
 Can Providence and such Injustice be?
 No, Heav'n it self repents its own Decree:
Jove therefore by the *Stygian* Torrent swore,
 No Traytor ere should find such Fortune more.

F I N I S.

